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finely performed, and the deep attention of the crowded audiences prove not only how keenly the works are relished, but the high musical intelligence of the listeners. The solo performance, by members of the orchestra, are delightful features of the programme, and their fine execution shows of what material the orchestra is composed. We are satisfied that these concerts, besides being delightful to listen to, do incalculable good to the cause of music; they sustain the interest which dies out in Summer time from the lack of means of gratifying it, and educate the taste for the finest styles of composition.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

"One Roderick O'Donnell, an officer of the Irish Brigade, in the service of France, expatriated with many others for his adhesion to the cause of the last of the Stuarts, the exiled James the Second, being sent upon a secret mission to Cardinal Alberoni, it chanced that he was enabled to do a signal service to the daughter of a noble Spanish house, who, notwithstanding the objections of her haughty kindred, bestowed on him her hand." This is the groundwork on which Mr. Brougham has woven his excellent drama of "O'Donnell's Mission." Like all Mr. Brougham's handiwork, the play abounds in brilliant dialogue, smart repartee and witty sayings, but at the same time it is not as intensely interesting as many of the gentleman's former efforts, true, it is full of striking situations and incidents, but still the interest is not as well sustained as it should be, considering Mr. Brougham's great experience as a playwright. Another point with which I have to find fault is the uninteresting termination of most of the acts; one of the great secrets of success in plays of the sensational order is the thrilling *dénouements* which should occur at the end of each act, and which serve to work the mind of the spectator up to the grand finale of the play, and this, with the exception of the rescue of Eva in the third act, appears to have been entirely neglected by Mr. Brougham, much to the detriment of the general success of the piece. Then again, Mr. Brougham has not a singing voice, and it would be far better were he to omit the songs set down to him, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Basque Song," a pretty little French ditty, which some wisacre of the press informs his readers is a Spanish song, and which from its quaintness is quite in Mr. Brougham's line, and so, of course, he sings it deliciously. Setting aside these faults, "O'Donnell's Mission" is a most enjoyable performance, and what with the sparkling, witty dialogue, than which no man living could write better than John Brougham, there is a certain charm about the play which is sure to carry it through to the end of Mr. Brougham's engagement. The piece is uniformly well played throughout, there is little that is offensive and a great deal that is really meritorious in the acting of most of the characters, and while the main weight of the piece rests on the shoulders of Roderick O'Donnell, the inferior characters are played with ability and care. Mr. Brougham's O'Donnell is a really delicious performance: here we have a rollicking, dare-devil Irishman, brimful of honor, and one who is ready to draw his sword for injured innocence in distress at the slightest provocation, and above all, a gentlemanly Irishman, something so entirely different from the traditional heroic stage Hibernian with

his never ending snivel of Britain's tyranny, that the contrast makes a most delightful relief, and one is forced to do honor to the author's good sense and judgment in placing his countrymen in a light where they are not made the subject of ridicule and laughter by sensible play-goers.

Mr. Morris' Cardinal Alberoni is too palpable an imitation of Booth's Richelieu to be anything more than extremely funny, for Mr. Morris does not imitate Booth's Richelieu well, and it would be much better for Mr. Morris were he to drop Booth and return to Morris.

Mr. Walcot's Abbe Le Renard is one of the best pieces of acting he has given us for some time, a little too much attitudinizing, perhaps, but still there are some really good points in the performance.

Zadock is a little too much for Mr. Andrews, who is an actor of decided talent, but still too young and immature to seize on the salient points of so difficult a part as that of the Gitano. There are good points in the performance, however, and with a little toning down and less low comedy exaggeration it would be made a most acceptable piece of acting.

Miss Johnson, as Eva, shows evident signs of improvement; were it not for a rather stilted manner which she possesses, this young lady might be a very pleasing actress, but she is evidently painstaking, and will in time, doubtless, overcome this, her, at present, great fault.

Miss Carr, as Juanita, the shrewish wife of Mortaro, (excellently played by Mr. Burnett) is uncommonly funny, and forms a most cheering example to gouty old bachelors of the miseries of married life.

Jefferson has arrived in New York, after an almost unprecedentedly successful European tour, and is to make his re-appearance at the Olympic, on or about the first of September. This is good news to play-goers, for Mr. Jefferson is without a doubt, the comedian of the present day, and his performances in days gone by are treasured up as the brightest moments in the theatrical experiences of New York theatre-goers.

STUGGE.

SUMMER DAYS AND DREAMS.

Mingling with my dreams to-day, there comes a wilder and a grander music; no summer sigh, a murmurous silence dying upon the ear, no whispering wave-voice half lost upon a grassy marge. A deep, momentous thunder; a rush incessant and relentless, as though Time had found a voice to tell its flight towards Eternity; the roar of waters, breaking down the rocky wall where a thousand years have passed, and left no trace more enduring than the sunshine. Foaming and whirling, dashing on and far away, they sweep down the narrow gorge, out into the broad, free air and sunshine on the mountain side, and farther on to meet the river and the sea.

Up among the brown pine trees where I am sitting, the wind blows cool and strong, with a free, wild breath of the hills, that it has crossed; it flutters my dress over the dizzy verge, and tosses out my hair, as I lean far over, clinging to the lichened granite. The gray old cliff rears its scarred side two hundred feet, and near its summit, from a cleft between two mighty boulders, leaps out the bright "laughing water;" a sheet of foam fling down with silver spray, and flashing diamond mist, where a faint rainbow quivers, where the setting sun slants in. Far down I hear the thunder of its fall, and see the wild, strug-

gling water flung from out its granite basin, to dash away round rock and stone, and boulder, worn smooth as marble by that incessant whirl and strife; to foam and flash in its wild flight toward the goal, where it shall lose its silver-toned music in the moan and murmur of the sea. Below me I see this strife of waters in their rocky bed, and the rustling tree-tops, nestling to the base of the gray precipice; above, there is only the deep, calm summer sky, without a shadow of waving boughs, or even a floating cloud, to come between its stainless blue and me. Only that soft, far, tender blue, that arched as fair above the lonely mountain nook, in the summer days long perished, when this bright water first broke over the steep granite wall in snowy threads of foam; when the litha foot of the Indian hunter crossed the overhanging cliff, and the soft-eyed Indian girl sang tender love-songs to the monotone of the ever-falling spray. Oh, the long, long years ago! when the voice that speaks to me now, in the rush of the torrent, was dumb, and nowhere under heaven the lives that make my life, my dreams, my world to-day!

And yet there were voices as sweet, and dreams as beautiful, to murmur in that grand chorale of the waters; and throbbing hearts to beat the faster as they caught the wild, sweet undertone, and thrilled to the fire and passion of the wordless song they sung. As I lie here on the broad gray mossy ledge, the deep abyss below me, and the cool wind flowing round my lonely eyrie, I hear another tone blend in with the voices heard and fancied. Through that strong thunder that drowns the silence, a death cry rings up to break the monotone of its great roar. A streak of dark hair blown back upon the breeze; the soft, warm, gentle summer breeze that lifts my own so lightly; a flash of gay color, and tossing plume whirled down and lost in the green abyss below; and back on the lazy summer silence floats the legend of this wild spot, and I hear the wail of a broken heart, that dashed its young life long ago against the cruel rocks of that swift stream. Only the sad old story, of wild, helpless, hungry love, and passion wasted and despairing; and the desolate girl who stood alone with the night on this high cliff against the starlit sky, and saw the moonlight sleep so softly on rock and boulder, and on the green tree-tops that edged the stream, saw those waters, so white in the cold rays, steal on to meet the sea, and heard the thunder of their fall; and flung out on the calm, pitiless, beautiful night all the fierce agony and wasting fever of her young life; flung it down to torture and death, and the dreadful rocks far down. The swift water went as swiftly then as now, in its restless, tireless flight; but it dashed around the broken fetters of the passionate, enduring soul, where the black hair streamed along the ripples and the foam, and the helpless hands swayed beseechingly with the current of the stream. In my fancy I can see the sunrise breaking really over the hills, and over the crests of these gray cliffs, that guard the narrow gorge; and down among those water-worn rocks the cool, early shadows would hide and nestle, while the gay young warrior, with his fluttering coronet of plumes, would find her lying there—poor, broken ruin of what had loved him—with the blank eyes that had sought his face so faithfully, still looking blindly through eternity for him. Oh, summer heaven, so blue and far away! is it all in vain, this strife of broken hearts—this last despairing plunge to seek thy rest?

The falling water thunders on, and the white

foam whirls away, around the same gray boulders where the Indian girl found death so sweet and welcome. They tell me no more, though I long and listen for some clearer history; they never can tell me, and I shall never know, how that poor soul wandered out into the new life, which has no last refuge. Whether she found it rest, or weariness, whether she looked on with the same sad eyes, and sought him still forever, or laid down together the pain and passion, and longing of this earth, I shall never know. But her grave is a grand one in this mountain solitude, and the stern rocks left their scarred faces in an eternal monument, with the roar of waters to sound her wild death-song.

But the shadows are creeping up the hill-sides, and through the dark pine-bole there slants across my face a warm red ray. If we could look beyond these steep, dark rocks, we should see how gloriously the departing daylight gathers up its warmest dyes, and burns and glows upon the far-off Catskills, that rise transfigured in the mellow light. It is the grand feature in all our views—that pale chain of lofty peaks, stretching across every gap and hollow of the hills—a picture painted in pure light and sunshine, between the sharp, rugged lines of the nearer slopes. Under the fiery glory of the sunset, their coloring is intensely brilliant, melting through all shades from the cool distant blue, and the shadowy violet line to rosy gold, or masses of pure light, drawn pale and luminous upon the bright evening sky. They are like the eternal hills beyond the river; like the dreamland that we look to, when shadows lie around the world, and our eyes are tired of their dreary veil. Heaven itself might lie beyond them, or at least our dreams, treasuring behind that bright wall a glory too radiant for the dwellers in this weary world. Who could fancy that such luminous golden mist veiled slopes more rugged, or shapes more stern and frowning, than those pale outlines, so sootily curved and delicately traced? I cannot dream of any rocky gorge or fastness, any frowning cliff, or barrier height, where the gray rocks spread cold and bare, and the winds rave and revel over the treeless waste. They are only shadows; only the golden gates of the invisible world; and my heart yearns on forever for those bright barriers to fade away, and show me the life that lies beyond their golden line.

But the last red beam is dying above me, tangled in the crests of the highest pines. The roar of Bashapish sounds louder in the coming twilight, and the waters, rushing to their death in the sea's deep bosom, follow me far with the thunders of their voice. The gray shadows tremble round the hills, as we follow the steep and winding path, and the round red harvest moon will light us on the long road towards home.

MINETTE.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works is presently to be issued in London, with a Biographical Introduction, by Francis Turner Palgrave. Mr. Palgrave is one of the most thoughtful of English critics, and, in this instance, he has chosen one of the most inspiring themes.

It is said the financial position of M. de Lamartine has been discussed by the French Cabinet, and that it is in contemplation to pay all of his debts and give him a pension of \$8,000 a year, he, on the other hand, transferring to the Government

all his estates, copyrights and other property. It is said the only obstacle to this arrangement is M. de Lamartine's hesitation to accept any favor from the Imperial Government.

The *Hartford Courant* gives the following as the receipts of the book publishers in that city for sales of works relating to the war:

Headley's History, 1st and 2d volumes.	\$682,500
Greeley's History, 1st volume.	650,000
Kettel's History.	330,000
Nurse and Spy.	440,000
Field, Dungeon and Escape.	266,500
Four Years in Secessia.	105,000
Life and Death in Prisons.	110,000

Total.....\$2,584,000

The number of volumes issued was eight hundred and twenty-one thousand.

Alexander Dumas writes:

"A short time since, an old friend of mine was arrested for \$2,400, and thrown into the debtor's jail. He sent me word he was under lock and key, and asked me to liberate him. I had not \$2,400. I went to his creditor and entered into a contract, binding me to deliver six lectures in any six provincial towns he pleased, provided he released my friend. He accepted my offer, and my friend came out of jail at once."

The bust of Capt. Speke has been erected at Taunton, in the shire hall, with an inscription from the pen of Sir Henry Rawlinson. Speke is recorded as "The discoverer of the sources of the Nile"—marked as a quotation.

The life of the students at Oxford University is sometimes described as particularly wild. A recent critic, however, says that "when a man tries to write an Oxford story, he confuses what he has seen with what he has heard—the real life of Oxford, which, under great show of fastness, is extremely mild, and the traditional life which must have been lived by a race of intellectual athletes, equally regardless of laws human and divine." All which is very true. The fame of Oxford, as of Cambridge, has been honestly won by hard study, and not by fast life, as the lives of Milton, Newton and Porson will testify. And so of every other college, whether in England, Germany, France or Italy. There have been no harder students in the world than those who have reflected honor upon Oxford.

It is now stated that Mr. (formerly "Father") Palgrave, is the author of "Ecce Homo." Mr. Palgrave has seen a great deal of life, having been educated at Oxford, (Oriel,) where he took a first class degree; then he entered the Indian army, which he quitted to join the Jesuit noviciate, at Madras; then he became a Jesuit priest and a most zealous missionary, in Lebanon, to the Greek Catholic Church; and he has now seceded from the Roman Catholic Church.

ART GALLERIES AND GOSSIP.

The pedestrian as he strolls through Broadway, will stop to look at the prints which are exposed in the shop windows, and forget, for a few moments, at least, all the cares of business. Prominent among those places where the weary eye finds rest from the oppressive monotony of brick houses or the glare of the sun on flagged sidewalks, are the windows of Goupil's: A large collection of prints, engravings, lithographs, photographs is to be seen there; almost everything in the shape of a print. There we will see facsimiles of all the greatest works of art. Titian,

Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Murillo, and the more modern names of Rubens, Vandyke, and hundreds of still more modern names, as well as the names of living men—their works are made familiar to us through the agency of those prints. Subjects that have a most soothing effect on the mind overtaxed by worldly cares, here charm the observer by the religious sentiment which they express.

We will not undertake to specify the many works which are to be found in Goupil's store, for it would be an almost endless task, but we advise our readers to go frequently and look at the prints—study the beautiful, the good, and the truthful. Educate the eye and refine the mind, for we believe a nation's real greatness consists in the amount of refinement of its people. We mention the latest prints issued. "Cindrella," a beautiful figure, after Eugene Lejeune, engraved by Annebouché; "The School Friends," after Compe Calix; "The Contract" and the "Convalescent," after J. Caraud, and two very fine steel engravings after Schopin, from Grecian history, viz.: "Socrates instructing Alcibiades," and the "Beautiful Response of Cornelia, the Mother of Gracchi," when she said, "These are my Jewels," pointing to her children.

We continue our art gossip this week:

Beard has gone to the Rocky Mountains, to study the habits of old bruin, and other animals. Bellows is sketching in Massachusetts.

Leutze is painting a portrait of Gen. Grant.

Martin has gone to the Adirondacks.

Wm. Hart is at Mt. Desert, coast of Maine.

Page has a studio at Eagleswood, N. J.

Constant Mayer, the painter of "Love's Melancholy," exhibited in the Academy, sailed for Europe on Saturday. He will return in October.

McEntee has been at Rondout, N. Y., and is now at the White Mountains.

Durand, who is no longer a young man, still sketches with vigor from Nature, and is now in the Catskill Mountains.

Elliott is in town, painting in Beard's studio, and is engaged on portraits of ex-Mayor Opdyke, and other merchants of this city.

J. F. Weir has been at West Point, and is now at Milford, Pa.

Henry and Griswold are at Newport, R. I.

Pratt is teaching in town, he has painted some good fruit and flower studies.

Shattuck is sketching in the White Mountains.

Lang intends opening a studio for the reception of pupils in drawing and painting, sometime in the fall.

Edwin White has been engaged on a work from religious history. We will be able to give something more definite in regard to it in a future number. He is now in the country.

Rotheimel is to paint a picture of the battle of Gettysburg on the wall of the new extension to the capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., for which he is to receive \$25,000.

Congress recently passed a resolution intrusting a Miss Minnie Ream with making a marble statue of Lincoln, for \$10,000. Judging from the fact that the sculptress has no reputation, we would say decidedly a ream too much of Lincoln.

Oliver Stone and Ehninger are at Lennox, Mass.